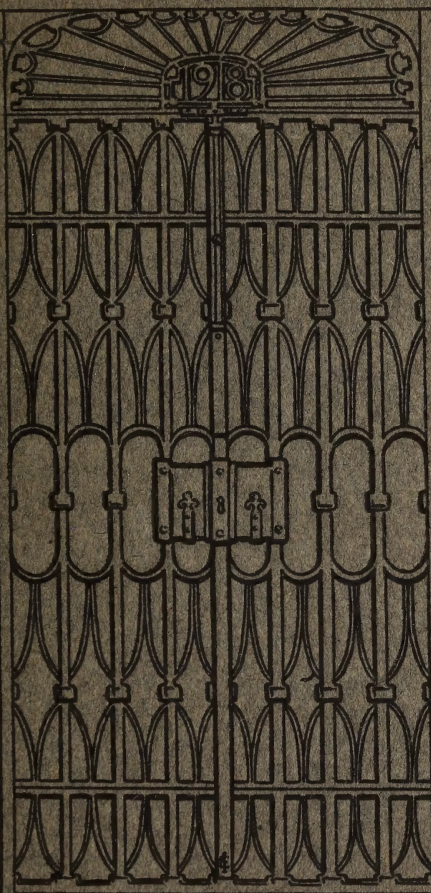


BETWEEN THE GATES



by :: CHARLOTTE
GRANT MACINTYRE

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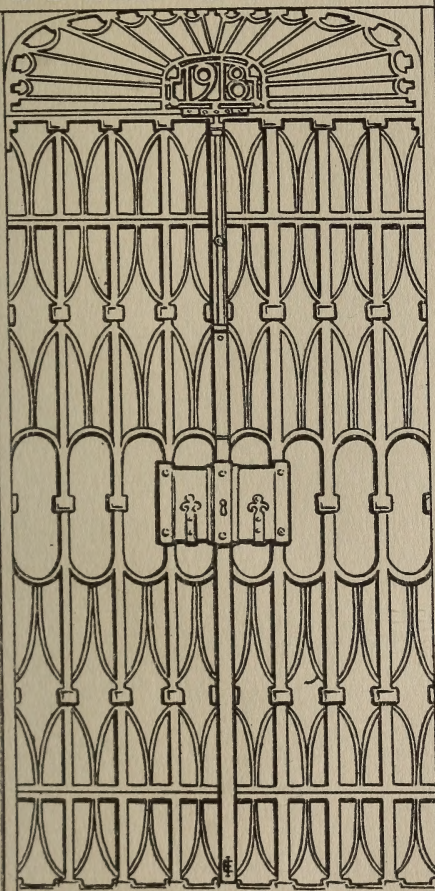
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BETWEEN THE GATES



by :: CHARLOTTE
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ERRATA.

Page 6. Last line. Word "home" should be omitted.

Page 35. Verse three. The first line should be read as the last line of verse two.

Page 44. Line one. For "night" read "knight".

CONTENTS.

Between the Gates.....	5
What I Would.....	6
Sic Est Vita.....	8
Flame and Flower.....	11
Be Simply Brave.....	12
Out of Tune.....	13
In an Album.....	14
Revived	14
The Ship of the West.....	15
Change	16
His Ninetieth Year	16
The Burning of the Brush.....	17
The Night-Blooming Cereus	18
Gift Musing.....	18
Parental	19
The Blood Bouquet.....	19
Twilight Thoughts.....	20
Blue Flags	21
God and I.....	22
The Morning Glory.....	22
Granny's Bairns	23
Both	24
A Song.....	25
Scottie	25
The Family Pew.....	26
Obscured	27
In Memoriam	28
The Coming of Christ.....	29
Easter Echoes	38
The Lord Is Arisen.....	40
The Unrecorded	40
In Days of Conference.....	44
The Battle of Quebec.....	47
General Wolfe and His Last Regiment.....	49
The Late Honorable Alexander Mackenzie.....	52
The Hospital	53
Ballad of the Hudson.....	54
Maud's Birthday.....	56

BETWEEN THE GATES.

THRUST unconsulted through the gate of Birth,
We wake in wonder on the star of earth;
Our stay is but a measured loan of breath
Till we are glided out the gate of Death.
We laugh, and wail, and quest along the way,
And work as tenants of a crumbling clay;
Fare on, whate'er of ruth or weal awaits
This baffling sojourn—trailed between the gates.
A Voice calls—guiding—at the gate of Birth;
We enter, borrowing robes time-wrought of earth.
We know this Voice is Life, whose infinite Breath
Is ours beyond the milestone gate of Death.
A world of seed, and growth, and law-control
Gives training scope to prove the wield of Soul:—
One song of hope lift we—O, travel-mates—
To cheer our passage brief, between the gates.

WHAT I WOULD.

ERE I leave this world of wonder, summoned
to this vaster clime,
I would gather me a garland wrought in all
the tints of time;
Bear it thither fondly clasping, tether-like, one precious link,
Then my step might be less timid when, at first, I
touch the brink.

But I roam in vain the regions. Poets, knowing secret sway,
Ranging long through bower and open, ye have pil-
laged every way—
Wooded the flowers, lured the life-glows, claimed the
mold, and sought the sun,
Wiled the winds, beguil'd the waters, wist-wings of
the morning won!
Listing in the summer stillness, with the waving of
your wand
Ye have borne e'en broken echoes from the border-
shore beyond!

Would that I had culled my garland, looped it with
autumnal sheen,
Held it ready-wreathed, or ever ye had, spying, left
no glean!
Is there but one rainbow-ribbon as a girdle for my
shroud,
To remind me 'mid the shadows how the colors lit
the cloud?
Nearing now the marvel-margin, lowered life's fa-
miliar bars,
Soon I wander—surely lingering—'neath the torch-
way of the stars.
Must I go forlorn of nature—nought of token that
may tell
To the severed stranger-Spirit of the earth-home
~~home~~ loved so well—

Where I found my baby darlings? While they, seeking,
tarry here,
I would never in the Yonder fain forget the human
tear;
Rather take with me the glister of a dewdrop, dust-
bedimmed,
Set the rue-gem like the glimmer of a love-light sor-
row-rimmed.

And I crave—in garland shafting—splendor minglings
of the dawn,
Veilings of the evening portal by the shifting purples
drawn,
And the far, wide, mystic fusings where the ocean
meets the sky,
And the awe of all the outline as the ship-lamps
dwindle by.
Give me too a garden-glamor—let September through
it gleam—
Let the twilight coruscate it with the quiver of a
dream;
Now a silence of the forest; now the swirl of tufted
rills;
And a music of the breezes message-laden from the
hills:
Gather fairest ingle-blendings—intertwine a hallowed
calm—
Yield me yet one olden quaver tangled in a waft of
psalm;
Find sweet promise of the orchard when the birds
are full of bliss—
Grace it with the children's laughter, bloom it with a
bridal kiss;
Sheave a gorgeous harvest radiance with a glory from
the west;
Then the sombre of night's quiet drooping o'er the
sleepers' rest.
Seek a moonhaze of the darkness—shadowy-merge in
reveried hue—
Dim, like some beslumbered whisper with its secret
shimmering through.

And for courage I would carry to the realms of
higher form—
Unfurled like a wild-wind trophy—grandeur of the
flashing storm!
And through eons, and through eons, when the worlds
are wiped away,
I would wear about my Being keepsake of my native
Clay.
Poets! oh dispel your magic; 'twere but faithless—
longer foil;
Shew a comrade farewell pity; where have ye be-
stowed the spoil?

Stir of answer—thrill of rapture—(cease my plaint,
be hushed the dole),
Hailing Vision? Yea, the treasure! Ah, I see—my
Soul—my Soul!

SIC EST VITA.

REJOICING in his strength, the Sun
Espied on earth a lovely child;
He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—
The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled.
He played with her, and with his arms
His shining mantle round her drew.
Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,
And bloomed in modest radiance through;
He gave her flowers; she gave him song;
Full gladsome grew her merry voice!
He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,
Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.
Ah, then! behind the clouds he crept,
And hid his face from her in play;
But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,
He came and kissed her tears away.
When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,
She laid her down to rest awhile,

The lover saw her slumber-husht,
And brought the moon to watch her smile;
And placed the stars about her head
In varied clusters, that their gleams
Might play, a'twinkling, round her bed,
And give unto her joyous dreams.
Then o'er the wolds to waiting lands
With lightsome footstep sallied he—
His glorious locks in golden bands
Bedazzling others fair as she!
They hailed his coming—brought forth fruits
And laid all at his feet so blessed!
They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,
And sought by him to be caressed!
Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,
He quieted them, lover-wise—
She woke and found him by her side,
Though tear-lasht were her opening eyes.
Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring;
Thus loving, early passed away.
The Sun came close to hear her sing
Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.
The claiming shades about her drew—
She kept her eyes on him and smiled!
And, as they bore her from his view,
She gave him Hope, their living child.

The playful zephyrs missed her fun,
And, softly seeking, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Soon met the Summer—stately maid
With ardent eyes and reigning flush—
His locks, thro' all her regal braid
Entangled, showing bright her blush!
Beneath his fervent touch her heart
Did eager leap, and own his power!
Oh, well he played the lover's part,
While crowning her with leaf and flower!

And trustful lived she, blest and bright,
Till lustrous eyes grew still and mild;
And passing gently out of sight,
She bore him Faith, their comely child.

The breezes missed so fair a one,
And, sadly sighing, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Lo! bowed in prayerful grace, he saw,
With hands outspread benev'lently,
A form so grand he gazed in awe,
And veiled his boldness reverently!
Eyes wisdom-fraught grave Autumn turned,
Beheld him where he gazing stood—
Her dusky brow before him burned;
His presence thrilled her womanhood!
He glided forward, silent, still,
All burnishing her dark, dark hair,
And lingered near her heart until
His image bright was mirrored there.
Oh, gen'rous proved her love and deep!
But soon the noble soul within
Grew troubled, when she could not keep
The love which thus her heart did win.
To stifle all her yearnings wild—
Long-suffering, brave, she vainly tried—
Then brought forth Charity, their child,
And, moaning, laid her down and died.

The wondering winds through woodlands dun,
Awaiting weirdly, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Now Winter hurried, stern and chaste,
The daughters of the earth to hide,
That he their loves no more might taste,
Nor conquering, lure them to his side.

In vain; the Sun with spangling touch
Turned Winter's night to Summer's day,
And flushed the earth with glory such
That white-faced Winter fled away!

The wild winds, fierce at what was done,
In loud wrath, raging, went and came:
Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
Moved on the same! moved on the same!

Again he wandered, bright to view,
The children of the earth among:
To each his endless charms were new,
To each he seemed forever young;
And some to whom he deigned not grace,
In lonely woe grew pale and dim;
And some that knew his gracious face
Grew beautiful beholding him;
And some—unhappy—by his might
O'ercome and crushed, lay sorrow-dried;
But all! and all! or wrong or right—
Lived, loved, and laughed, and wept, and died!

The mourning earth sobbed forth her cry—
“My generations pass away!”
The measureless, illumined sky
Triumphant sang—“Love lives for aye!”

FLAME AND FLOWER.

TOUCHING the stars from the sod;
A fellow of brutes in their plod;
And soaring the spaces with God;
O, Body and Soul—
In this coil of the Whole—
Within, do ye shapen the lure of your goal?

Lying with leaves that are shed;
And scaling the Vast of Unsaid
In all its beholding outspread—
 O, grass-loitered feet,
 And Spirit o'erfleet!
 Have ye woven the guise wherein ye shall
 meet?

BE SIMPLY BRAVE.

BE brave, O quivering Heart; be simply brave,
 Though life has lost its happy zest,
 Though duty seems a dull behest,
When buoyant Hope, distraught by cruel stings,
Lies like a laggard with poor, wounded wings.
How high the courage hails when terrors rave—
 Bold-bracing to defy or dare;
 Perchance but borne of dark despair,
Only to droop in weakness long before
The lingering trial-toil be nearly o'er.

To gird with humbler fortitude each day,
 Facing, unquelled, the haggard years—
 Bearing in boon of traceless tears
The anguish which that harsh unmasking gave—
O, this is nobler—this is simply brave!
Then take with tender touch what task thou may'st,
 That others, haply, ne'er may know
 Less weal because of thy keen woe;
Lifting no craven spirit when ghosts of Love,
Amid slain joys, with haunting tortures move.

Sorest the hidden wound; its ache so deep,
 So sadly dumb; shrinking, alert,
 Lest even kindness, prying, hurt—
A yearning envy towards the open grief
That claims in sympathy a soothed relief,

Yet rouse! unflinching still of soul, and keep
True ever to life's higher tone,
Nor bowed o'erlong in sorrow lone.
With scars of honor pain oft marks its grave,
Divinely loyal thou—being simply brave!

OUT OF TUNE.
(At a Scottish concert.)

BALMORAL carollers are grand;
Old Scotia's melodies are sweet;
And loyal hearts, Canadian-clanned,
In music's power envigored meet.

The glorious swell of "Scots Wha Hae"—
That martial call is ringing yet!
The ballad plaints—the lilting sway—
The pathos all—who can forget?

Then, echoing trills of merry glee!
I felt so gladdened through and through,
My three-score years were light on me.
What song is this?—"We're Nae Sae Fu'."

Ah, somehow here I lost the chord;
The listeners—qui-vive—necks a crane—
Clapped, laughed, delightedly encored
The trio shamming wits awane.

A cue to mirth? I, dazed one,
Could only see a ghastly throng,
Babes pitiable, women wan,
Men victimed unto demon-wrong.

I heard a world-resounding wail—
But stay—I stifle down the sigh
In eager, query-mood—but fail
The fun to find. I'm sore awry.

There's humor sure—or jesty charm—
Thus aping drolly “Nae sae fu’,”
In dress genteel—where bodes the harm?
Would I were wise, and soundly knew!

'Twould better be the laugh to learn,
Else my fond, foolish heart might ache
If, tottering home my boy should come
Just “Nae sae fu’”—yes, hearts e'en break!

O, I'm so sadly out of tune,
It jars me to a cruel pain—
The quaintest lay a bard could croon—
If keyed in any bouting strain.

IN AN ALBUM.

AS rays of the sunshine are meshed in the folds
Of nature's transforming, mysterious moulds,
And wrought into stones of solidified light—
Pure diamonds, precious fore'er to the sight—
E'en so may the glows of each true heart be caught
In the magic of mind, and thus kindly enfraught
As tribute of painting, or poem, or name—
Some token a friendship may modestly claim—
And make of this volume a casket inlaid
With jewels, the brighter when pages fade.

REVIVED.

I LOST my harp in the valley,
My fingers were so numb;
Listless under the cypress
My very sighs grew dumb.

The clouds were black with anguish,
And never a rifted rim;
What recked I then of the darkness
When eyes were wearily dim.

I heard a far voice calling—
 "Come to the hither light."
How could I care for climbing—
 Alone, alone in the night?—
Then a little child came crying,
 Adown from the holy height.

O, and the force appealing!
 The wee, resistless wail!
O, and the close, warm clasping!
 Who so strong as the frail?

And the clouds broke into smiling
 When baby began to play,
Till bright eyes roving the valley
 Spied where the dear harp lay—
And here on the hills of Beulah,
 Together we sing of the Day!

THE SHIP OF THE WEST.

WHEN bells of the eventide
 Are calling to Labor's rest,
Behold the treasure, laden for Heaven,
 Away at the port of the West!

Day-long, lo, the stately ship
 Slow-coasteth where clouds may climb
To pile upon deck all works of Love,
 Wind-borne from the realms of Time.
For the moth and rust prevail—
 And the children of earth grow wise—
So the West is aglow with a precious freight
 When the ship sails into the skies.

CHANGE.

THE fields live bright along the way;
I laugh with dancing joys of May;
Sweet flowers of love delight the air—
Life's rapture thrills from everywhere:—

(How can I ever leave all bloom,
And lay me in the shuddering tomb?)

Have winds no ruth? my fields lie sere;
Grief mocks; and Pain bestows a tear;
Bitter the breath in love's dark blight;
Sodden the path, bereft of light.

(I'm fain to hide from all the gloom—
Forget—within the sheltering tomb.)

HIS NINETIETH YEAR.

WHOEVER may forget the date,
Old pilgrim Time, a tireless friend,
Comes neither earlier nor late—
E'en to the end—

And marks indelibly each proffering year,
Be they or swift in joy, or slow in fear.

Stayless, at best, the few or more,
Till Time, again, a birthday new
Reveals upon his last, lone score—
The ushering due—
When Death bestows a grander natal hour
With Life—in fuller, loftier lore—its dower!

THE BURNING OF THE BRUSH.

HO, the busy time is here—
The upwaking of the year—
When the evening air no longer holds its hush!
How the children hail their outing,
Through the gardens merry shouting,
As they make a rubbish-routing
At the burning of the brush!

See the beacon-fires around
Signaling that Spring is found—
And no longer can the evening hold its hush!
Father hauls the branches over,
Baby bears the twigs, and Rover
Storms the tree where pussies hover
Near the burning of the brush!

Happy home-lights! "All is well"—
This the tale they surely tell—
As laughter voices ring the evening hush;
O, the gathering and the raking—
O, the crackling and the breaking—
And the jolly ready-making
For the burning of the brush!

'Mid the smoke and bramble scorch
Hope out-waves her cheery torch;
So, a-singing work we in the wakened hush;
Prepare we for the sowing—
Leaguings faith and love, as knowing
Every good has better growing
By the burning of the brush!

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

GHOST flower! Is it thine with moonlight face
To haunt earth's garden since the stars
beheld

An Eden lost in the long days of eld?
Saint-white, so wistful-eyed—thy hiding place
But seems a stock harsh-fashioned, void of grace,
E'en like a body bended 'neath a scathe—
Lo, when the night prepares for dream and
wraith,
Forth blooms thy form serene—a glory trace!

Thou art, methinks, a wandering memory
Of hallowed Love that fled erstwhile before
The flaming fears of trust betrayed, to dree
In banishment some coil of doom; no more
To wake, save as a holy thought, in quest—
Through dark and mystery—of home and rest.

GIFT-MUSING.

THINK you the needles weave
Into the snowy spread,
For a dear one's bed,
The white thoughts of a summer eve,
As, lazily my fingering
Patterns the thread,
In daylight's lingering—
Dear Winifred?

Then—dreams may wing
To the garden's glow—
And you'll surely hear in the searching swing
Of the fond air's flow,
How the flowers their colors choose
From the Light's luxuriant offering—
E'en to bestow
The odors their differing souls diffuse.

PARENTAL.

On Grant's Birthday

HERE to this isle of Time, surrounded by
Unfathomable Eternity, you came
From out the mysteries, to bear our flame
Of Life; to hold its torch in honor high
'Mid strife of test relentlessly anigh;
To wear bequeathment—but a blended name
For passing on with ever lessening blame,
With ever clearer sheen of purer ply.

And were this isle marooned in void of Chance,
No lore of guidance could have hither led
Your vital way; ah, being spirit-spied,
A sphere out-challenges to soul-expanse—
The while you range, and choose, and quest, and
quell—
Ere homing Life attain Death's miracle.

THE BLOOD BOUQUET.

"Queen Amelie used a bouquet of roses trying to
ward off the assassins."

BULLETS for Hate, and Roses for Love;
O this was ever the way—
Hell and Heaven meeting on earth—
And, which may carry the day!

Dastard pistol, and cruel scheme,
And flame of murder's breath;
Only a woman's body for shield,
With flowers to parry—Death!

Weaponed with roses—Love's own sheen
Flashing brave to the sky!
Clear—from hideous noise—up-leaps
That thrill of a mother's cry!

Or kings be tyrants—whether or no—
Wrestles the World away—
Roses for Love, and Bullets for Hate—
Life carries its blood bouquet.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

On Margaret's Birthday

O, EYES of love that follow me,
How sweet their shadowed weening;
The child within their depths I see,
Her woman-wisdom gleaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,
I feel their warm caressing;
This natal day thrills memory—
Reclasping babe of blessing.

O, eyes of love that follow me,
I know their wistful meaning;
Fain would they ward this mystery
My Breath from earth aweaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,
How brave their happy feigning;
My daughter-comrade cheerfully
Bestrews the way remaining.

O, eyes of love that follow me,
I guess their misty screening—
Near tides that Dark I must embark—
The years upon me leaning.

O, eyes of love that follow me,
Both bright and sad their telling;
The roses bloom right joyfully—
The wind so softly knelling.

O, eyes of love that follow me
In faithful yearn of knowing,
Their gleam will shine beyond that sea—
I'll find their deathless glowing.

BLUE FLAGS.

LOYAL to the lowly lands,
How serene the summer flags;
Lifted by unfluttered hands,
Where the creek in languor lags.

Azure blooms unfurl so still—
Turmoil heeds the calm appeal;
'Tis wonder not the mossy mill
No longer drones its wearied wheel.

Clustered in sweet conference—
Listless of the rude zig-zags
That proclaim the encroaching fence—
Confident, preside the flags!

Beauty beckonings—else the shy
Meadow-loiterers might stray;
Demure the tryst as they espy
Colors plumed in safe array.

The frogs—agaze—entranced appear
By their haunt-adorning flags;
Perched upon each tufted pier,
Dreamily the chorus brags!

Neighbor-like the willows bend,
And the darting minnows bear
Messages from friend to friend—
How the water-lovers fare.

FronDED fingers dipped in green
Poise the placid, ether flags,
Wooing to siesta-screen
All the valley 'neath the crags.

Truce to zest of work-day riot
Spell blue signals! Claim surcease:
Yield unto the luring quiet;
Seek the cool of rest and peace.

GOD AND I.

A T eventide I'm sitting,
Listening—waiting—knitting—
God is weighing all my life's essay.
O, the joy, the pathos—one full human Day!

Soothing lull of knitting;
Soon to come the quitting—
God is working His eternal way.
O, the deathless meaning—one short, mortal Day!

THE MORNING-GLORY.

H OW could we sleep,
And miss the mysteries of summer dawn,
Did not some kindly flower keep
A sentinel trumpet, subtly drawn,
To hold the story—
A Morning-Glory!

How could we know
The spirit-message of the early Calm,
Did not the speech of color shew
A flower in pose of herald psalm—
The morning's glory
Its lifting story!

How could we toil,
In smiling courage through the day's emprise,
Did not there linger from the soil
A fragrance of the dewy skies—
A sun-hid story
Of Morning-Glory!

GRANNY'S BAIRNS.

THE bairns are coming back to me;
I hoped they would some day;
Grown-ups allured them out of bibs,
And marched the weans away.

As men and women they are fine;
O, dear as dear can be;
But who's to cuddle in my arms
And fill the house with glee?

'Tis only fair they should restore
The joys that sped afar,
And—by the patter of the feet—
Ah—surely—here they are!

Gran'daddy, step aside, I pray—
They're Granny's bairns, you know—
Now, Aunties, wait awhile—my heart
Has just been longing so!

I'm not denying to Mamma
Nor Dad their simple view—
They have some rights, but Granny's here
And claims a goodly few!

The sunny days are come again!
And rippling laughter cheers!
O, bless your happy, merry hearts—
You blythesome, winsome dears!

You tireless, eager questioners!
You mighty-hauling mites!
Is this the kitchen or the yard—
Young Topsy-turvyites?

You noisy, romping—darlings all—
You daring, squalling ones!
Who fell and broke the china vase?
Who yells, and kicks, and runs?

Which little man has fisted out
Against the teasing brother?
(The fun is furling off towards bed),
O, Aunties—call their mother!

Dada! Gran'daddy! Do come quick—
Attend these little bears!
Of course they're Granny's bairns—but still—
I don't mind—going shares!

BOTH.

COME four-footed comrade, my very own hand
Must buckle this baffling muzzle;
Alas, dear dog, and you can't understand—
I, too, feel the grip of a puzzle.

We've met on one planet; your lot with mine;
And this much we lesson together—
That, linked unto Life of some higher design,
Love is ever with sorrow in tether!

O, loyal brute-brother, don't doubt my love,
Though I doom you the cruel muzzle—
As we fare but alike it may help to prove
There's a key to my own hard puzzle.

A SONG.

O, THERE'S a lad in yonder town—
(How tender sprouts the doorstep vine!)
His love makes life so dear to me;
He seems to hold the world in fee;
My heart is singing gratefully—
He's mine, mine, mine!

O, there's a man in yonder town—
(How green the buds upon the vine!)
What matters aught of ebb or tide
While truth and strength in him abide?
Up wells the song with homely pride—
He's mine, mine, mine!

O, there's a knight in yonder town—
(How full the clusters on the vine!)
His goodness bears a doughty sway
In widening bright the higher way;
And sings the heart that gladly may—
He's mine, mine, mine!

SCOTTIE.

W^E question, at our doggie's grave—
Can aught so spirit-true
As that unwavering love he gave,
Be lost to astral view?
His life all brimming eagerness
To please, and win the praise;
To serve with pride in duty; yes,
High fealty ruled his ways.

So human-like his humor shone!
What worship in his eyes!
Does he now long for us—his own—
Somewhere in faithful skies?

May Love imbue immortal spark?
Though Death strike every star—
Is there one Glow that meets no Dark—
Flamings of Avatar?

THE FAMILY PEW.

("You'll never hear it in the family pew.")—The Call
of the Wild: R. W. Service.

WELCOME your Song, O Sourdough; our Yu-
kon-feasted poet;
Cantabile so wild and strong and true—
It braces like a native wind ('tis fair that you should
know it);
And reminds us of the timber of the pew.

The Viking hearts that hewed it, when primeval ter-
rors reckoned;
The Vast of silence toppling from the sky;
The clutch of need that threatened, the hope of home
that beckoned;
O, the courage, and the grasp, and yet—the cry!
No blatant hammer built it; sweat and blood alone
that gilt it;
A clinching psalm the solace for a sigh!

Grim grandeur but a harshness of challenge to the
spirit;
And nature held her ancient doom of law;
Unquailed they drew divinely for the fibre of their
merit,
And rested in the strength of what they saw
With upturned worship faces, rapt beyond the swing-
ing spaces,
In a vision of child-faith without a flaw.

Do you know the far outreaching of the pioneers'
brave teaching?

Have you heard the saintly father's pleading
prayer?

Have you caught the gleam behind it? then for hon-
esty go find it—

And sneer again at preachers—if you care.

Yes, we slip the leash of chafing, and hang the week-
day harness,

And gaze into the bigness of the Blue;

'Tis there we take our bearings—our claim to all the
farness—

Our heritage—within the family pew.

We ponder there God's splendor, making nature's text
more tender

With a Christ-love pictured blending through and
through.

Though canyon-rush be rifting, though life in storms
be drifting,

Our naked souls are bathed in light anew.

Despite convention-fetter, and husk of routine letter,

The fashion-trim, the supercilious brew,

The pulish prudes a-blinking, slimy hypocrites a-
slinking—

(Alas, we know the whole insidious crew!)

Not yet devoid of leaven from a manna-gracious
heaven—

The Pulpit of the staunch old family Pew!

OBSCURED.

I 'VE wandered out from the happy Day—

And the gloom affrights;

My feet are bleeding—I've lost my way

'Mid the many lights.

For, wise men lit their lamps of lore—

But the blinding smoke!

O, where is the sun that shone before—

When my soul awoke?

And is this knowledge that I have found
When I wisdom sought?
Is there no home on the old, firm ground
For my wearied Thought?

Woe—to grope through this big to-be,
Faint 'mid the feast!
O, let me perish, or let me see
The Star in the East!

A Voice comes hushing the cry of mine
In the grewsome night—
“The smoke must vanish—the lamps will shine
As God’s own light.”

IN MEMORIAM.

HERE in the forest winter-strewn and lone,
Where boughs bereaved—rebelling—rave their
moan,
Long have I wearied for the tryst of hope,
Waiting thy coming from the far unknown,
O, faithful harbinger—in pilgrim ~~cape~~—
Eager Hypatica! I pray
Reveal communion now
With our Beloved who went the silent way
Whence thou art come;
In truth avow
Thou did’st but meet him near thy home
Beyond the portals of dark mold and clay,
Where Life abideth—Life with power athrill
To stir thy brave heart 'neath the snowy hill!

Flowers of the wildwood, rallying in the Breath
That dieth ne'er, though all else withereth—
Lifting glad eyes
Amid the blast of death—
Immortal-wise
Ye brood a peace divine
In this unresting heart of mine.
Bright messengers—fair kindred in life-glow—
Winter may strive—but ah, we know—we know!

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

O, STAR of the Promise that lightened
The way to the Wise,
Though ages are hoary since brightened
The hope of thy rise,
Shine clearer through cycles receding
In Christ-halo mist;
Shew nearer the Spirit, true speeding
The time of the tryst!

"I come again; comfort each other—
Proof-tilling for me;
I go to Our Father, my brother,
Preparing for thee."
His work means the measure in heaven's
Life-quickenning sphere;
He makes it the duty that leavens
All happiness here.

And how fares the Church of His choosing,
Where evil is rife?
Does History portray her refusing
A challenge for life?
Aloft bear the wondrous inditing,
O Crest of the Cross!
In blood of her martyrs the writing—
Gain, gain out of loss!

Hers no barricaded dominion
Of trumpeted creeds:
With realm-flighted, winnowing pinion,
Bedight with love-deeds,
Behold her earth's Forward, outspreading
Through shadows of night—
Immortality's pillar-way—shedding
The guidance of light!

How futile the confines monastic
In petrified frame;
Recks not Spirit of limit scholastic—
Free-soaring—aflame—
Illumining towards the Ideal;
In tenderest glow
With all that is humanly real—
One glory below!

Hers not bidding utter defiance
To aught except sin;
Calm-welcoming searches and science—
Her mission—to win.
Stern-pleading the cause of the needy
Where Tyrannies brawl;
Her weapons of mercy are speedy
For Honesty's call.

Rock-rooted, she views the deep-surgings
Unrest work of Time;
Primordial conception emerging
Slow-shapen, sublime!
Unzoned, radiating Truth-centre—
Invisibly vast—
Here we, with the Infinite, enter—
Our destiny cast.

But the satisfied peoples prevail not:
Hark—"Watch ye and pray."
All Yesterday triumphs avail not
Unkept of To-day.
Come the cries of Oppression's beseeching,
Whence demons dare dwell;
Round the home are lassos flung, outreaching
Like hurlings from hell.

Down dash we Sin's ugliest creatures:
Forbid the despair—
Lo, looming with ghastlier features—
They flout at us there!
Undaunted, we turn the assailing;
They're banished; no fear;
Truce tarries not long the unveiling—
Behold, they are here!

O, the whiteness that Wickedness borrows—
No filthiness owned!
Is it marvel the one Man of Sorrows
In suffering groaned?
Yet the cheer of His Christmas is chiming
O'er many a land;
Ah, the Wrong and the Right may go timing,
But both shall not stand!

Yea, courage mounts bold in war's region.
No failure dismays.
Now marshal in phalanx, what legion
Gigantic displays.
Dark-stalking, each crafty-led movement
The Christ-form conceals;
While humanity's every improvement
His visage reveals.

Principalities—Elements—towering
In desperate affray;
Host-rivals—mock-lawful—devouring
Their powerless prey.
See Forces full-gross in the grasping
Of cheat-branded pelf,
So harsh to the just in its rasping
Of barriered self.

Self, Self—ever living to levy
His tithing of rue!
The stones of thick stumbling are heavy—
There's blasting to do!
More honor to others high-holding
The country's fair claim
As a trust for the Lord's own moulding—
All done in His name.

Recorded the ballots—how read they—
Or loyally cast
For the coming of Christ—or need they
His veto at last?
A knocking, zeal-urgent, plea-steady,
Appeals to the State;
'Tis Woman with worthy help ready,
Home-guarding each gate.

Fain would she quicken the schooling
Of rigorous right,
And hasten by simple, straight-ruling
God's kingdom in sight.
She moves with the century, knowing
Its wider-swathe cares;
Apace in the claim-ranges, showing
Her justice of shares;

No cleavage in aim for the weal-height—
 No pitting of power—
A clearance for quality's deal-right
 In largess of hour.
The daughter's path smoothened, that bettered
 Be space for the son;
The stayed step retards the unfettered—
 They gain but as one.

And struggling for stephold is Labor—
 Impatient of thrall—
Proud Capital scorning to neighbor—
 Still barring the wall.
For spoilers gloat over a slaughter.
 Sly greed must beget.
Big Mammon would grudge e'en the water
 For Industry's sweat.

O, the Passions that spurn fair bridling—
 Bestrewings of dole!
O, the glut of the pompous Pridling—
 So wisened of soul!
From wronging of others what profit
 Save perilous gain?
Ostentation astrut may well doff it
 As loathsomely vain.

Soon rust-ruined, moth-eaten tatters;
 The pitiful quest!
And the Hand that would shelter—shatters
 What bears not His test.
Why unheeded our Maker's upbraiding?
 With image Divine,
Is it madness impels masquerading
 As fiends, fools, or swine?

Woe that Ignorance weaves the mask-hiding
For mortals to don;
Though chains may be Satan's providing,
Man rivets them on.
Thus a surface injustice runs riot,
Like Chance groping blind,
Till we moan of a ruthless Fate-flat,
No Father behind.

The Leisured, from luxury's chalice
Their hydromel sip,
While brothers bevictimed of Malice
The gall-dregs may dip.
Discordant, haphazard, unfitness!
Doubt—fearsome—o'ercreeeps;
Bewildered to faintness we witness,
And sympathy weeps.

Could we but demolish or alter;
Eliminate pain;
How mystery baffles; we falter,
And question again:—
Are we launched on a raft without rudder
To wait the death-wound?
Well might Chaos itself wildly shudder—
A planet marooned!

For—reason we—goodness be doubled,
Seems evil then thriced;
And there groans through creation a troubled,
Great cry for a Christ.
O Calvary signal shine clearer
In silence of dew!
Shew rescue of blessedness nearer,
Reviving our view.

Surely there tides through the nations
In healing relief—
In vitalized, mighty pulsations—
The balm of belief.
Wot we of the workers heroic—
No longer the few—
With endurance more noble than stoic
E'er dreamed of or knew—

Out—'mid the blare and the blinding
Where Hunger defies—
The bruises of prone-flesh binding,
And hushing the cries
Of the children dying in stench
Of cellar and slum,
Where Poverty's cruellest wrenches

Keep Joy ever dumb.
Out—'mid the smear of the smitten
Where Misery doles;
Where vices the vilest have bitten
Both bodies and souls,
Seeking to shield from the vulture
Of ravaging woe:—
Think ye, mere exquisite Culture
Could venture to go?

Down in the foul dens of evil,
With cleansing for crime;
Hope—lifting the torch of reprieve
And luring to climb.
Is this less than the Comforter's yearning
To sever from sin?
Think ye purest Philosophy's learning
Would wrestle within?

Forth—where the lepers are bearing
 Their bones to the tomb—
Solacing, cheering, and sharing
 Their terrible doom.
Hither—facing—where Alcohol revels
 Its hideous mirth;
Forth—fighting whatever bedevils
 This beautiful earth.

Through mart, byway, armored in meekness;
 In—out—everywhere;—
Label this any playsham of weakness?
 Or fervor of prayer?
Clad in meekness; though priceless the raiments,
 Fine texture of gold;
Rank the wearers as right royal claimants
 Entitled of old.

O, this probe of the silent-spied Action
 In proving by deeds!
O, the clamor of idle-bred Faction
 Ignoring close needs!
How frothy—to wrangle and libel—
 Then off in disjoint—
Until able to balance the Bible
 Upon a pin-point!

Leave we mote-pecking feats, and quick shuffle
 Dispute on the shelf;
There's a-plenty of wrong to give scuffle
 O'ertake we but Self.
Yea, Christians are banded for duty—
 Alert and akin;
Betokened the Christ-pledge that beauty
 Of holiness win.

There is incense of penitence blending
Sweet Purity's worth;
There's aroma of love-blossoms lending
Fresh fragrance to earth.
And, wafting with roll of years hoary,
In mightier swells,
On—gathering world—wave glory—
The Bethlehem bells!

Clear voices of harmony ringing
Sin's coming surcease
To farthest futurity flinging
Glad echoes of peace.
O, firmer grows Faith vision-scanning
The wheels within wheels:
Stupendous, God guides His own planning,
We rolling our reels:

A carpenter's Son; O eternal
Amaze and amaze!
Shop-aproned;—in vista supernal,
The Ancient of Days!
Not scorned be the part of our placing
The larger or small—
One reckons the truth of the tracing,
And sparrows that fall.

Withhold not in tribute the treasure
Of mind, heart or hand.
As deeming too meagre the measure;
His loaves will expand.
Nor mute be Humility's metre,
Though quavering it rise;
The child-tune may thrill all the sweeter
In tune with the skies.

Be it silver, song, word or prayer—give it.
Help nourish the soil.
Believing this law of love—live it,—
The yoke—heaven's foil!
All hearts to the harvest! Till flashes,
In yellowing sheen,
The blooming of "beauty for ashes,"
Around and between!

Till the hills that are barren are bowered
In peace o'er the isles!
Till the seas and the valleys are dowered
With mellowing smiles!
Till the sentinel Mountains no longer
Keep watch for the sword,
But shout in a stronger and stronger
All-hail to the Lord!

O, joy-bells—Evangel—ring, ring ye
The way to Life's goal!
O, Star of the Spirit, still bring ye
More light to the Soul!
So, comfort we now one another,
As—faring—we list;
He is coming—who called Himself—Brother!
On, on, to the tryst!

EASTER ECHOES.

THE Spirit of mystery in April guise
Wakens its wonders to the world anew;
Some quickening Charm to Nature hither hies—
Lo, spreading marvel greets the raptured view!
Seems there such wistful winging here to there,
Like wafts of magic messages above;
Sweet whisperings are astir, full-fraught with prayer,
Behold the miracles of answering Love!

In league with kindly skies this faithful Earth
 Away behind the break of years that roll;—
She holds the secret of the body's birth,
 As Heaven hides the seal that links the Soul.
Unseen and sure some subtle Spell prevails,
 Giving but guess of its mysterious Whence;
Spaceless the Essence strange, nor e'er unveils,
 Though unioned in this harmony of Sense.

Here lay we down the dust of all our dead;
 Safe the broad breast enfolds her hallowed clay;
But whither, whither has the Spirit sped
 Beyond that silence of the trackless way?
So pitiful we peer: no trail we see
 But dwindling ashes by the mist-bound shore.
And sunshine seems a taunting mockery
 When our beloved are cold forever more.

O, comes the crying of the riven heart;
 The ruthless blow and blast of piercing pain,
The cruel, stunning pang, the bleeding smart—
 Till boding blackness haunts the hapless brain.
Ah, brooding through these lowering shades of gloom
 Moves there the quick of one undying Breath;
And memorial Voices murmur near the tomb,
 "Was winter ever yet a weight of death?"

Behold the lilies!—are their skies bereft
 Of rays for Spirit-garb, though weft be clouds?
Where suns are lit, is there no Power left
 To melt the icy dark where death enshrouds?
Come, search the sepulchre,—no stone debars;
 Life, Love, Soul? See—their broken bounds of
 prison!
Hark, from the heights above the bridge of stars
 Forth swells the victory chant—the Lord is risen!

THE LORD IS ARISEN.

O BLYTHESOME the song of the birds to
flowers,
, The rushing of streams to the flashing
of showers;

There's a growing of grasses, a waving of trees,
A bringing of bloom on the wings of the breeze;
The hills are alive, there's a throb through the plains,
All Nature is thrilling in raptured refrains;
Not idle the telling her wakening essays,
Uplifting her visions and voices in praise,
Proclaiming the story that pulses the skies—
"The Lord is arisen, and ye shall arise"!

There is Life out of darkness adown the dim years!
The ages are climbing away from their biers!
No more weeps the mourner in pall of despair—
The grave becomes jubilant—Jesus was there!
Uprifting, Hope signals one vision sublime!
Faith, harvest-eyed, knows of the whither of Time!
Safe-tethered in Love where Jehovah abides,
The Universe holding Mortality rides!
O, the gladness and glory on earth and in skies!
Our Lord is arisen, and we shall arise!

THE UNRECORDED.

WANDERING came the minstrel Wind, his
reeds attune
To glean, in golden alchemy of rune,
The rising incense glow
Of living deeds along the lowly earth—
Aroma-waves all-potent in perpetual birth
Of life's divinest flow.

Listening, we learn the secret this new world imbues;
And why her vitalizing breath renews
 Such vigorous hope that leaps
To hail the future. Common lives, unsought
By fame, have left their ether distillation, wrought
 From out the infinite deeps.

Unwearied sways the Wind, youthful as dawn and
 hoary
As the mists of age, singing the glory
 Of the human dower;
Greater than boasted, blazoned hero-might
Rise in clear, enduring, purifying light,
 The silences of power.

What marvel now that o'er our Canada's domain
The erstwhile nature-harshness bends, awane?
 The desolate, cruel spaces
Were e'en ashamed of their defiant frown,
And slowly turned to grace the pioneers' renown
 By sympathetic faces.

Quebec, abashed, her gory front at length forsook;
Ontario's weird wilds gloomed in rebuke
 Until, through forests far,
The voice of obdurate waters, yielding, swelled
Unto the rude, resisting plains—the echo held
 Under the polar star—

Then lo, the land knelt, prayerful, and from common
 folk
Of industry took on its conquering yoke.
 But e'er again she rose
Abloom with century-homes and ripening toil,
Only the Wind with strings of elemental coil
 Storied the nation-throes.

Wild, homesick wrestling ache that wrenched forgotten hearts

The chords outbring a people's pageless history nigh.

We mark the move of shaping rule in Freedom-strain:

How loyal-fraught the pulsing of our fathers' air!—

By faith we honor best the trust our past confides.

Primordial-wise the Wind, capturing to music-sway
Beauty immortal from the trodden way.

We, burdened 'neath the sun,
Brace to this cheer of song—our very own—
Of home-bright land in Liberty's outreaching zone,
By uncried warfare won.

Undying thrills the harmony, for it is keyed
To gathered fragrance of the noble deed;
To garnered essence rare
Of royal duty simply done for weal;
Of quiet, unconscious worth; of love's fulfilling zeal;
Of Right—naked and fair.

Our country's early builders — women of helpmate
mould
And men timid of word, in action bold—
They of the steadfast fight—
Endow to-day;—do not the prairie feet
Of mountains chase the wind-enchanted, songful
wheat,
Keeping two seas in sight?

Almost the workers in obscuring vista lost;
Unkenned their task; oblivion what it cost;
Their labor unrecorded;—
But blended as their benediction-seed
It gives, essential, harvest measureless in meed,
Nor tarries unrewarded.

Imperishably safe all wafture of the True!
It gives Canadian skies a holier blue;
It permeates the sod;
The grass is quivered to a lovelier green;
And wreathless graves of long ago look up serene
Unto the Wind's own God.

IN DAYS OF CONFERENCE.

CANADA speedeth her ^Knight afar
To hail the Motherland hoary;
Now bodeth the greeting scathe and scar?
Or—ho for song and story!
Spirit of Ages, lift thy voice—
Tell—may the people all rejoice?
Chant of a country's glory!

Blest the Reveille
When Britannia calls from overseas
Her sturdy sons! The bugle-notes
Thrill out their summoning harmonies
Like joyous colors that a signal flag afloats—
The echoes homing from congenial shores;
Nor clash of sword,
Nor shock of belching battle pours
In dire discord;
But happy beat of drum,
Throbbing, "they come, they come"—
And stirring to responsive pulsings true
A wondrous rhythm of hope the wide world through!

Aloft the Maple!
Not in blazonry of pomp to flaunt;
A country's glory meagre shews
In poise of pageantry and noisy vaunt;
Silent the workings of sublimest vein;
Secret the forces of eternal power;
The slender stalk aiming to feed the world
But subtly grows.
Behold young Canada stands forth—
Strength of the stable North—
Making this hour
Historic with no heraldings unfurled.
Still and benign as light itself this reign
Of wisdom thus invoked anew by all
These Liberty-begotten kith and kin—

This group unique, of wholesome lineage, within
Britannia's league. No thrall,
No rivet, do the bonds beseem,
Where Freedom's hold unites.
The century's dial points this magnet-sway supreme!
Yea, History e'en now indites
Upon the scroll
This Conference in vast betokenings.
A nation's soul
Awakes to larger life, and narrower scope outwings.
Renewals promise round on round
Of clasping years,
Welding an Empire's might in stately tiers—
As circling growths ingrain a vigorous tree—
The tree majestic, grand, imperial-crowned,
Uplifting boughs of loftiest augury!

Compatriots:—

Though seas from zone to zone divide;
Though race, creed, language, differing run;
Whate'er of meed or dolor may betide,
'Tis weal of each
In ever widening reach
Becomes the rallying canopy for all as one.
No longer patriotism keeps
A limit, selfish. Heaven-born, it leaps
In chivalrous loyalty to sacred right,
In valor of broad brotherhood alone bedight—
Meet prelude of the nearing time—
(The dazzlement of savagery awane)—
When war in every clime
Shall fall, a shrivelled husk of gruesome stain,
Discarded by the fruitful blooms of peace,
And woes of weapon cease.
O, proud may Canada regard her epoch day
Of noble Conference and high essay!

Spirit of Ages, through thy chimes—
 Thy chant of the mighty growing—
I hear a rune of the olden times
 In far-off cadence flowing;
And I hear the tread of the faithful dead—
 O, years of the bygone sowing!

Swing of the axe in the forest gloom;
 The wolf in the darkness baying;
Whir of the wheel in the chimney room;
 And comrade women praying.
Hardy cheer of the pioneer—
 O, days of the scanty weighing!

I hear a strife—usurpings bold
 Of the people's rightful owning;
And forum giants wrestle to hold
 The key to a nation's toning;
The stress is long—but they win full-strong
 For the rock-firm cornerstoning!

Hark, the foe! and a call to the front!
 Solemn the march of the sending;
Sons forge forth to the cruel brunt—
 Sob of the mothers blending.
O, God! the sound from the writhing ground—
 E'er shout of a righteous ending!

* * * * * * *

Lo, now the Rockies beacon the West!
 (No lure to unworthy minion)—
But hie to the boon of the Beavercrest
 Where Labor waves her pinion!
The breasts of the Prairie—mothering—yearn;
Earth's eager children seeking turn—
 Blest be this home Dominion!

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

S HEER and gaunt outstands the Battle—
Silhouette in historic show—
Clear as front the heights forbidding,
Where Quebec defies the foe.
Daring of heroic venture,
Skill to scale such nature-hold
Spaced the scope to hew the blade-line
Rimming—steeled—the warscape bold.
Grim, decisive, nation-furrowed,
Sure of stroke, undimable
As the fame for courage dauntless
Of the brave who fought or fell.

Brilliant blazons forth the Battle:—
Martial genius-flash from throes
Of a mind in sorest wrestling
With the burden Genius knows.
Like a watcher bribed and partial,
Night—a dark Silentiary—
Hides the keen of this Commander,
While the blinded Fleur-de-lis
Lulls upon the plains her soldiers.
Flames their valour not less bright,
Ranked around their gallant Leader
Forging through the deadly fight.

Grand and still outlooms the Battle—
Chastened in its human glow:
Wolfe, Montcalm—in spirit—brothers,
Ere the noonday lying low.
Dying eyes behold prophetic:—
One their smile of duty's peace;
As they side by side pass onward,
So—in war's well-won surcease—
Dwell in harmony their peoples,
Knowing only strife of weal;
Loyal strength and strength awelding
In one nation-growing zeal.

Harvest-crowned shines out the Battle:—
Crimson seed with tears bestrewn—
Bosomed of that far September—
Bears in birthright gorgeous boon.
Freedom sways her mighty branches,
Fostering growths of tested good;
Patriotism lifts to loftier
Fruits of world-wide brotherhood;
Plains of Abraham hold their halo
O'er this land of bloom and light;
All—from shoreland unto shoreland—
Breathes of hope and home and right.

Pean-voiced out rings the Battle,
Mellowed through the clambering years:—
Hate is dead and War is buried!
Sained by love and holy tears;
Peace, dew-sandaled, lavish-laden,
Dawn-adorned—the Conqueress—
Gives true wisdom, knowledge, commerce—
Deeming glory but to bless!
Faith and union, joy and plenty,
Fellowship of heart and mind;
Merit-portion, law progressive,
Canada endows mankind.

Honor spurs her trusty toilers;
Truth exalts her chosen creed;
Goodwill hails her whole world neighbors;
Justice nerves her aim of deed.
Hers the vision—through this vaster
Sweep of modern-moving time—
To discern the sky-lit mountains
Where Ideals dare to climb!
Full, inspiring, thrills the Battle—
Quickening to stauncher tread.
Soft in cadence falls the Battle—
Echoed music from the Dead.

GENERAL WOLFE AND HIS LAST REGIMENT

Written from the impression given by Dr. J. A. Macdonald's account, in the *Globe*, of a story told to him by a fine, old gentleman in Scotland.

DO ye wonder, looking back, how their valor
 quailed not
 As they followed Wolfe, the Youth, lead-
 ing boldly there?
Why those men of Highland sword dire assaulting
 failed not,
 Where the bravest of the brave alone could hope
 to dare?"

And the old man's eye was bright with a patriot's pride
Claiming, from his island sight, meed in Empire wide,
British and Canadian right reckoning side by side.

"Do ye know nor ever flashed a worthy daring
 But each doer, daily true, 'prenticing to Life,
Served—unwittingly withal—in the slow preparing?
 Peace mayhap the fruitage full, or glint of deadly
 strife."

And the Seer's glance I ween, patriarchal framed,
Shone of bygone feelings keen rising now aflamed;
For honor glows its own sheen forever undismayed.
"Your English warrior of Quebec? His death be-
 queathed a glory?
 Ye deem his regiment scrolled the Heights with
 blood of lasting fame?
Yea, hold the victors laurel-wreathed, yet hark an
 earlier story;
 Then pledge anew in kindred ken his gallant,
 noble name."

Tense the Celtic tone and low, as the tale he told—
Visioning with human woe a ghostly ground of old,
Where England fought a Scottish foe till streams of
red ran cold.

“’Twas there a dastard held command, and haughty
gave his order

Unto the boyish officer, a wounded one to slay.
Riding they reined: no scene more grim on all this
tragic border:

Cruel the coward pointed where the suffering sol-
dier lay.

“Ablaze with scorn, the young man turned, his army
leader facing—

‘Am I a butcher?’ scathed he—his honest blood
astir!

Two cleaving currents pulsed the air: the steeds flung
out their pacing:

O, pelt of hate! O, waft of balm! O, rescued
Highlander!

“And who was he with courage true this traitor deed
refusing,

Won hearts upon that heath beside the comrade
smitten, prone?

’Twas fearless Wolfe, the generous, who faltered not
in choosing

His loyalty to Honor high—the best in every
zone.

“Think ye our kilted warmen march as dullards, un-
discerning?

Nor heed the measure of the mind that guides
their battle-sway?

Ah, mountain-bred and heather-homed glean well
their spirit-learning—

These—proudly—knew their General in far Que-
bec that day!

His faith-compelling genius-force within their souls
prevailing,

And—yonder—foemen veterans of chivalrous re-
nown—

What marvel e'en that granite wall could baffle not
their scaling,

Nor dash their hold on Canada for her Britannia
Crown?

“Nay, history spreads no bigger page of brilliant,
skill-wrought etching—

So clear the stroke; sharp, swiftly sure; nor blot
nor blur to mar;

A picture set in purposed peace; a continent out-
stretching

In radiant strength; a beacon hold; and Hope its
beckoning star!”

Impassioned of the Past he stood—so stately—soul
agleam

With joy in thought of knightly good, plumed of
heroic scheme.

Then softlier spake as musing mood and vista-trance
beseem:

“With placid smile September sun to beauty woke the
morning

On mountain, forest, solitude, city and steep, and
plain,

And reach of waters primal-voiced—all grouped in
grand adorning;—

But noon beheld the fair land strewn, and stared
upon the slain.

"Then waters murmured requiem; the breeze its wonder blended;

Sad nature veiled her gorgeous garb in haze of woven tear.

Wolfe lay amid the silent fallen; their giant combat ended.

Death, hovering, smiled; his kindly touch hal-
lowed the field-won bier.

"O, keep your heroes, Canada, enshrined in memoried
splendor;

Their sturdy fibre fed not on sapless, weakening
ease;

A nation's burden staunch they bore; their vigor grew
not slender;—

Reap ye the endless harvesting, beyond encircl-
ing seas."

The old man's voice in ceasing left some thrill of deep
desire;—

War seemed of glory all bereft, yet wore its halo-
fire;—

And Peace, bedight of holy weft, sang from her love-
lit spire!

THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

NO need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim
To vaunt the honor of Mackenzie's name;
True hearts o'er all the land his worth revere;
Aye must our country hold his memory dear.
To her a stainless record he bequeaths—
Let history entwine his modest wreaths.
Indelible the stamp his rugged zeal
Has left upon the nation's higher weal.
His bold integrity, his pith of scorn
For ought of selfish power or baseness born,
His upright loyalty of manly front
While feeling keen a losing battle's brunt,

His dignity of truth unto the end—
All marked for Canada her nobler trend.
No need of stately pomp nor loud acclaim
To mourn the memory of Mackenzie's name!

THE HOSPITAL.

BIRD of the mothering wings,
How the whir of thy motion sings
 Of balm and peace!
From earth's old bond of pain,
And anguish of cruel stain
 Brooding release.

Bird of the plumage quiet,
Settling e'en mid the riot
 Of sword and shell;
Bringing the hover of Christ
And all His sacrificed
 In sight of hell.

Of all-encircling love
Our world's harbinger dove!
 Thy healing clings
Where creature pang is heard;
Hallow'd thy touch, O bird
 Of mothering wings!

BALLAD OF THE HUDSON.

ONE ship asail on a wide, north Bay,
Three hundred years ago;
Wild the shores in their grand array
As the big, June sun looked on.
The bold crew stood—was it man 'gainst man?
Nay, Hudson, the Captain, knew
That many were those of an evil plan;
Eight only his faithful few.
And his boy of twelve, alas, was there!
An eager, comrade son;
But their fight showed all the braver dare
As Mutineers bound each one—
Cast them adrift in a boat so frail;
Their plight—oh, direful strange!
They who had moored for their Country's hail
At lands of primeval range!
Tell, ye shores, of the lone, lone boat;
Ye have watched e'er the Time of tears;
To the patriot heart it looms afloat—
Afloat on the tide of years!

Solemn echoed Shore and Shore—
“We divulge more ancient lore,
Yet nor holden clew abides
Where yon olden burial hides.
Yea, afar off witnessed we
Shadowings dark with tragedy.
Vast in Solitude that scene.

* * * *

Stir of hell reached out between
The ship—ahoy for England—turned
With slowly move, as tho' discerned
Were vileness of her coward crew,
And heavied her with sense of rue.
Soon our vision lost fair ken
O'er the drifting, pinioned men.
Ask the inland Sea whose name
Proud proclaims heroic fame.”

Spake the Waters—cryptic ever—
 “Ought these fathoms keep,
Search and wrest—or yield we never
 Secrets from our deep.
Stern the boatful bore their faring;
 Strong in fellow-cheer;
Bitter hazard loyal sharing
 While their doom drew near.
Talked the boy of playmates meeting;
 Heard the village bell;
And his dog’s fain bark of greeting;
 Then—some weird knell.
This our waves demur not voicing;
 More—the depths deny.
How Fate steered unknown a choicing
 Pray the guardian Sky.”

Sound of triumph chanted forth:—
“Scroll of rescue hear the Host avow!
Behold—in vista long remote—
One desolate boat
Whence thro’ the solitary, mystiered north,
In signal to the sentinel Stars, there came
Great, human pulsings of majestic woe.
Straightway our Pilot—he of gracious name—
In pity hastened to the prow,
And happily coursed the weary Band
O’er dirge-lapped waves in soothing flow,
Unto a restful strand,
Where asphodel in marvellous beauty springs
From seed of sufferings.

MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

How fondly we remember
When a matronly September
Sent a cradle-ship a-sailing from the skies;
The asters gaily decked it,
Where the sunny clouds beflecked it,
And the goldenrod waved out its pennon dyes!

Wistful, then we sought alluring
This wee prow to Ingle-mooring,
And for beacon wide we flung our haven-door;
Glad, the gala Maples beckoned,
True, the pilot zepthers reckoned
How to waft the dainty passenger ashore!

So 'tis no wonder surely
Such a baby grew demurely
With a summer-autumn witchery of grace;—
Her heart a love-lit centre
For noble traits to enter
And send their beauty 'lumining her face.

How can we but remember
Joyously the dear September
For the sake of precious dower from the skies!
Who diffuses life's caressing?
Who abides a faithful b' sing?
O, the daughter with our wonder-baby's eyes!

116
121
122

